

## Common f/ Kanye West

### "Southside"

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La, la, la, la, la - and e'rybody say  
La, la, la, la, la - I know you, I know you...

I know you're thinking, thinking that it must be  
I'm a raw flow cause it never get rusty  
I aint gotta say it, man dawg trust me  
Bust somebody head, T.L.C. where was we?  
Still rock the prada 'fore that, rock the Starter  
Niggas out in Georgetown, and Magic way harder  
Thinking back to the projects, and they way they tore  
'em all up  
Like when I do a project, and come back and tear the  
mall up

[Chorus]  
We coming from the..  
South (side), South (side)  
South (side), South (side)  
South (side), South (side)  
South (side), Side of the Chi

The broads, the cars, the half moon, the stars  
I'm like Jeff Fort the way I get behind bars  
Burn cd's with no regard for the stars  
Come to the grip with conflict, diamonds and the arts  
Back in '94 they call me Chi-town's Nas  
Now them niggas know I'm one of Chi-town's gods  
We even yo, you're still talking no cause  
A conscious nigga with mac like Steven Jobs

[Chorus]

Your fly is open, McFly  
The crowd is open I think I know why  
I'm back from the future seen it with my own eyes  
And yep, I'm still the future of the Chi  
Back in college I had to get my back up off the futon  
I knew that I couldn't cop a coup with no coupons  
Look at that neutron on his green like two dimes  
People asking him, "Do you have any grey poupon?"

[Chorus]

You in the building but the buildings falling  
You wouldn't be ballin' if your name is Baldwin  
My mind get flooded I think about New Orleans  
Back in school, ya'll niggas you should call in August  
Summer sun it goes down but I'm still revolving  
Southside 'bout to walk it out, I still get crawling  
If rap was Harlem, I be James Baldwin  
With money in the bank like G. Rap, we're calling

[Chorus]

With niggas masked up like Phantom of the Opera  
Dreaming of the day they push a phantom to the  
operas  
Can't wait till they say, "Yeah, he ran up at the Oscars."  
Poppa, I heard his life is like a movie  
Like when Em' played him and Mekhi played a rasta  
Mexican don't love it like it was for La Raza  
But this is for the mobsters, Holla  
We some true chi-town legends, accept no imposters

[Chorus]

Uh, the un-American idol, tower like the Eiffel  
Lean wit it, rock wit it, back like the disciples  
Know when to use a bible, and when to use a rifle  
You rap like you should be on the back of a motorcycle  
Caught a case of robbery, and 'Beat It' like Michael  
Your career is a typo, mine was written like a haiku  
I write to 'Do the Right Thing' like Spike do  
Do crime fixed is crucial and trauma is psycho

[Chorus]

La, la, la, la, la, la, la-la  
La, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
We're coming from the...Hey!  
\*scratches\*.. spice it up (la, la , la..)  
Ya might have to spice it up  
Spice it up, spice it up,  
Take your life and...  
Yo, we're coming from the...Hey!  
We're coming from the...Hey!

...and this concludes our Chicago show  
Please stay tuned

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